

*Helen Nelson*

# THE BROADCASTER



COMMENCEMENT  
HALL SCHOOL  
FALMOUTH, MASS.  
JUNE — 1938

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Kathleen W. Arenowski  
Henry G. Frank — June 14, 1938  
Everett L. Handy



In memory of  
W. Harry Huston,  
youngest member  
of the Class of  
1934

# THE BROADCASTER



Vol. XIV. No. 3

Falmouth, Mass., June, 1938.

HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL

Published three times a year by the pupils

Price: 25 Cents per Copy

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## DEDICATION

In this, the dedication of our final issue, The Broadcaster Club wishes to sincerely salute Miss Kathleen D. Arenovski, our guide and friend, who, by her untiring efforts, has helped to make our magazine what it is today.

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Block Prints by Art Club

Photos by A. N. Thomson

Printing by Enterprise Press, Falmouth.

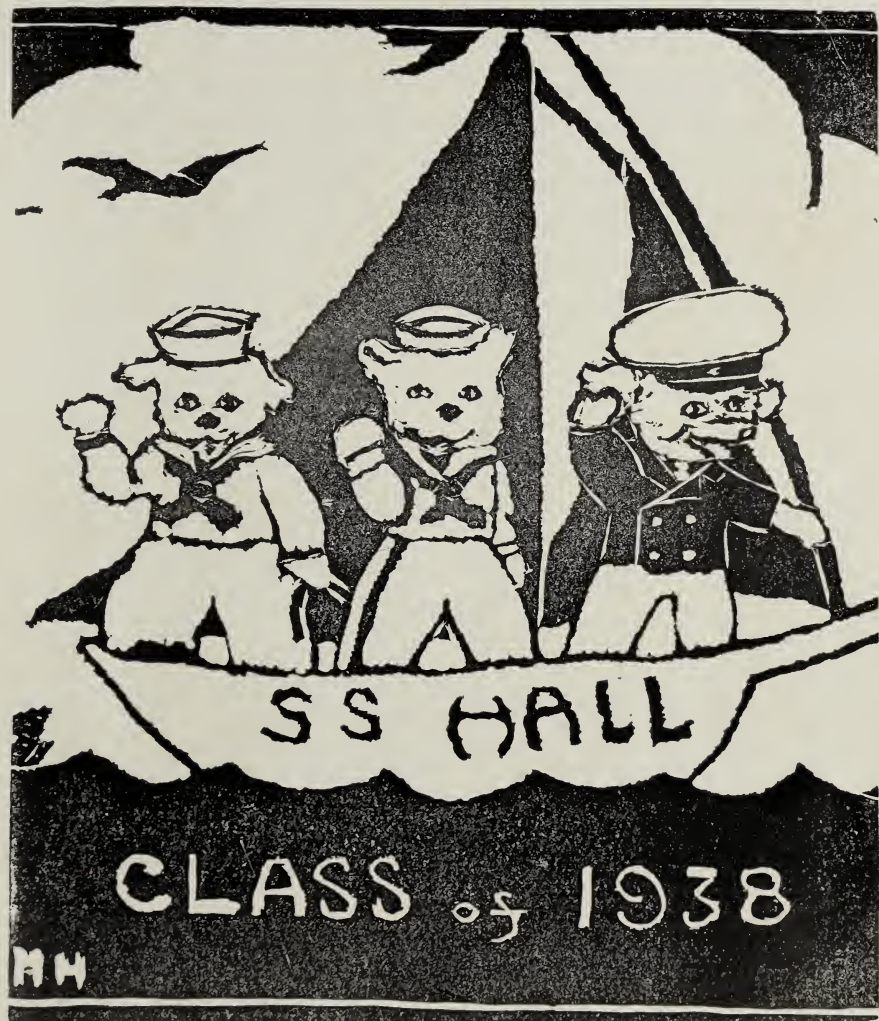
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CLASS OF 1938, HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL, FALMOUTH, MASS.

Class Officers—President, Donald MacQuarrie; Vice-President, Patricia Berg;  
Secretary, David Cassick; Treasurer, Carleton Collins.



## CLASS ODE

Henry Hall Junior High,  
 We bid you adieu.  
 With memories of happy hours,  
 We say farewell to you.

For new ports we now embark,  
 On our ventures each day;  
 Your advice our course will mark,  
 As we journey on our way.

Old friends, familiar scenes  
 May fade in the past;  
 But Henry Hall Junior High  
 Will lead our thoughts to the last.

Through the years in Lawrence High  
 We'll remember this day,  
 Teachers, friends, we say good-bye,  
 Our thoughts will be of you always.

Shirley Landers, '38



### A DIVISION PROPHECY

#### Comments of a Cape Cod Columnist

Along Main Street . . . **Allan Williams**, long known to the younger set as a woman-hater, has been made defendant in a breach of promise suit . . . it will be remembered that, even as a school boy, Allan had no use for the fair sex . . . will wonders never cease . . . Among the diplomatic appointees I note **Dave Cassick's** name . . . Dave should make good at this post, as he has had years of experience in the gentle art of alibi-ing . . . which reminds me that if London is his port, he will very likely bump into an old friend of ours whose impersonations are taking the city by storm, as they took New York . . . namely, "The Great **Gediman**" . . . Oh yes, **Dick Hewins**, man-about-town, is wearing the willow for **Peggy Murphy** who is managing one of our noted tea rooms . . . as yet no other charmer has succeeded in interesting him . . . By the way . . . **James Harding**, the new President of Harvard University, is taking a trip down the Amazon with the Curator of the Peabody Museum, none other than Prof. **William "Ducky" Pond** . . . **Tom McNeely** is filling the Music Hall at Radio City with his tap-dancing . . . we think without doubt he has stepped right into old Bill Robinson's shoes . . . hmm . . . **Mr. and Mrs. Harold Spooner** (nee **Priscilla Hildreth**) were seen descending the gang plank from their honeymoon trip abroad . . . scoop . . . the Yankees just paid \$50,000 for that ace twirler, **George Mixer** . . . they should have the pennant this year with this "streak" pitching for them . . . **Carl Palmer**, noted auto racer, has brought his new speedster to Daytona Beach . . . he expects to break the world's record to-morrow . . . Next week the great **MacQuarrie Circus** will be in town . . . one feature . . . that breathtaking tight-rope walker, **Norman Cotter** . . . Sailing for Europe at midnight is **Miss Atkinson**, who will participate in arranging the Salzburg Music Festival . . . accompanying her is **Miss**

**Martha Vincent**, opera star . . . on the same boat will be **Thomas Hart**, famous G-Man, who is off on his latest case . . . school news . . . **Allan Peterson** has just been appointed superintendent of the Falmouth Schools, while **Carol Barrows** has been made principal of the Village Elementary School where her friends, **Anita Manley** and **Lucile Studley**, have been teaching for years.

**Patty Berg's** latest portrait of **Eddie Handy** is gracing the covers of "Film Star" . . . while **Virginia Rowe** who is also in Hollywood is making a name for herself with her famous girl band . . . Oh, yes, **Amelia Peters**, whom Dartmouth spurned, is due to arrive to-morrow from her recent Olympic triumph . . . It is a well-known fact that **Dr. Patricia Nye** has just returned to Woods Hole where she will resume her research work at the M. B. L. . . . So long . . . **Shirley Landers** is coming into the office now to discuss with me her latest book, "Fog over Falmouth" . . . so now I shall settle down to some real salty reading.

(Taken from the **Falmouth Daily Report**)

David Whittemore, '38

### B DIVISION PROPHECY

It was in the fall of nineteen forty-eight, when after spending a delightful summer in West Falmouth, Massachusetts, with my old school chum, **Jeannette Hurford**, I was packing my belongings to return to my position as private secretary to Dr. Grant in California. After packing all my things, I found my diary, which I had forgotten. Looking it over with a lost feeling, I renewed all my experiences during the vacation such as:

June 21. **Jeannette** and I went swimming, and on arriving at the beach, to my surprise I found **Warren White**, a special life guard at the beach. He gave me a hearty welcome home, which seemed like **Warren** all over.

July 11. **Jeannette** and I enjoyed a golf game at the Woods Hole Golf Links. As we were just beginners, we

hired a golf Pro. and to my surprise I discovered he was none other than Milton Rogers. After talking with him I learned that he was married to—guess whom? The one and only Mary Ignos! He also told me that Melvin Fish was the new Telephone Company manager and he was getting along very well with Arlene Cardoze as a wife.

July 14. We rested today, but went to the Gables Casino at Falmouth Heights at night. There we heard Azel Young's Famous Girl Orchestra. Upon sitting down at a table, we saw Betty Schroeder, but she was now Betty Young. We also saw Margaret Carlson and learned she had settled down to a great career with a mysterious husband whose last name is Dore and now she just adores **Dores!**

July 19. Well, diary, we went bowling today. At the alley we saw Carlo Pena and Lawrence Mello, two of the World's champion bowlers. They had been visiting their home town and had stopped to give the kids a few tips on bowling. Later we went bicycle riding. We hired a tandem from John Corey and Abel Mello who owned a garage in East Falmouth, and I had discovered through them that Richard DeMello was now a star in the movies and had been home for a vacation; but had returned to Hollywood a few days before.

July 30. We went visiting Evelyn Orr today and to our amazement we found out that she was engaged to be married to a certain young man who was in the shop course at school. Later Evelyn and I attended a baseball game at the Heights, and we found one of the star players, Harold Marks, who was also one of my school chums. We also saw Josephine Fernandes and learned she had become a waitress at the Angelus Restaurant. At night Evelyn and I went to the movies and we sat down beside four of our school chums, Mary Turner, now Mrs. Joe Cardeiro and Genevieve Sylvia, who had become Mrs. James Moran. So you see, Diary, although we didn't see much of the picture, it was more fun learning about our school pals.

August 8. Gee! diary, my vacation is almost ended, so I will have to do all my exciting things soon! Jeannette not feeling well, I called a doctor by the name of Cohen and found out it was Abraham "slow motion" Cohen. I visited a florist and purchased some cut flowers for Jeannette to cheer her up. Walking out of the shop I chatted with

the manager, Harold Lumbert, and the gardeners, Richard Carvalho and Gordon Stewart and found out the whole three had decided to remain bachelors. On returning, I purchased some groceries at Harrison's Market and the clerk was the well-known Gordon "two cent" Parker. He was mourning because Betty had married Azel Young and had left him. Too bad, Gordon!! I ate lunch at the New York Restaurant where I found Olive Medeiros and Claire Higgins acting as head waitresses. They were just as jolly as ever.

Well, diary, I have to return to California in two days, so I guess I'd better pack you now. You'll be safe! Jeannette rode to the station with me and appearing before my eyes was none other than Lionel Cabral, who was the acting station agent. Kissing Jeannette good-bye, I boarded the Pullman train, and in spite of the conductor hollering "All Aboard!!" I heard a band playing "Thanks for the Memory". I said it certainly fitted the occasion all right, for when I looked up, I saw Warren Bailey with his "Swingsters". Later we had dinner together and I discovered that he had seen me boarding the train and had played the piece for my special benefit. Learning that he too was going to California to appear in one of RKO's latest pictures, "Swingtime", I congratulated him heartily and thanked him for his music. During the remainder of the journey I happily lived over my vacation and left the train at Los Angeles, California, feeling rather lonesome, though well-rested and ready to work again.

Helen Nelson, '38

### C DIVISION PROPHECY

It was a large rocket ship of the clouds that stopped at Mercury on its first trip from the Sun to "Heaven". The pilot happened to be that great mathematician of the Class of '38, Thomas Grew. His stewardess was Olive Ferreira who always was an air-minded girl twenty years ago.

I excitedly boarded the ship. As more passengers came aboard, I noticed one of them was a tall slim girl wearing

a dress of gold. You can imagine my surprise when she turned toward me and I saw none other than that perfect "Madonna" of our class, Jean Hall, on her way to meet Wilbur Cornelius on Jupiter. We talked together, as we went through space and she told me that Norma Peterson had settled down in a trailer on Venus, and Mary White, now a great violinist, was on the stage in the "Great Imperial" theatre in Somewhere, Saturn.

We passed Earth and heard no more startling news of my school mates after I had left Venus, where I had stopped and met "Those Three", Mary Lopes, Geraldine Hammond, and Mary Lopez, dancing at the Grand Opera House.

After a good night's sleep in the rocket ship, I awoke to find that we had landed on Mars and were to stay for a few hours before starting upward. Being hungry, I went to a moon restaurant for something to eat and found Mary McAdams, the singing head waitress, at my service. I ate my lunch while the orchestra, led by Chester Weeks, played my favorite tune.

As I was finishing I looked toward the door only to see Joe Martin and Henry Santos all dressed up in white ties and top hats ready to see the "high spots" of the planet. They spoke to me and told me that Jesse Torres and John Lewis had started a riding stable out in the city and that Robert Larkin was making good as a boxer under the management of Stanley Sparre.

Again we were on our way upward to the planet Jupiter where we stopped to let Jean Hall off and then went on. As we soared through space, I picked up the minute paper (which twenty years ago was called daily paper) only to see the headlines "Great Dancers Married" leaping at me. I read on and soon found out that the couple was Agnes Costa and Carleton Collins.

We stopped on Saturn, for we had to get more fuel, namely, air. The sta-

tion attendant was that once tall boy, Arthur Reynolds, who now had a reputation of being the shortest person of the Universe. He told me that Barbara Jones, a nurse at the local hospital was trying her hardest to win from Irene Marshall that handsome young man of our class, Earle Chamberlain, but she was not succeeding very well.

At last I had reached my destination, "Heaven". Because it was more beautiful than I had imagined, I decided to buy a home and send for my maids, Sally Simmons and Emma Tavares, to come up on the first return rocket ship that was invented by those Frye Brothers, Walter and Milton, who were now having a pleasant vacation up in the sky somewhere.

Guinivere Hinckley, '38

#### CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1938, being of thoroughly unsound mind and memory, but knowing the absurdities of this life, do at this time think it entirely fitting and proper to provide for the disposal of our many and varied prized possessions.

After the payment of our just debts (numerous repairs to the Hall school, which will doubtless be necessary after we dear departed souls have gone on to a better land) and after payment of funeral expenses for unfulfilled ambitions, we do, individually and collectively, devise, bequeath and get rid of as follows:

"Ga-ga" MacQuarrie leaves his energetic, effervescent, ambitious vivaciousness to Donald Graham. (He was going to leave a few freckles too, as a sort of bonus, but he decided that they were part of his unique charm and he just couldn't spare them.)

Mary Lopez, our Ninth Grade nightingale, leaves to Mary Cavanaugh her ability to hit the high notes. (Pass the bird seed, please!)

"Ducky" Pond leaves to Salty Sanderson all those queer little tricks and eccentricities which he inherited from Red Barry. (No doubt, Mr. Baker wishes



"Ducky" would leave himself behind).

Jean Hall leaves to "Gete" Lumbert her ability to make a basketball stand up on its hind legs and beg. Don't leave it all, Jean. We'll need some of that in L. H. S.

Dave Whittemore leaves his knack in tripping the light fantastic" (tra-la) to Roland Baker. (The orchestra will now play "Slide, Kelley, Slide.")

Virginia Rowe's motherly instinct toward Dave Cassick is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Through all his flirtations, operatic ambitions, and would-be tennis triumphs, she has remained steadfast. For two years she has faithfully coddled and cared for him. Now she is afraid she will have to leave him to any up-and-coming Eighth Grader who is willing to assume the responsibility. (In the words of the old song Virginia says "I hate to leave you, I'm so used to you now.")

"Buzzie" Collins leaves Louise Brown to Rudy Blanchard, BUT—FOR ONE YEAR ONLY—Remember Rudy, this is merely a loan, and "Buzzie" is going to collect next year in L. H. S.

Helen Nelson leaves everything but "Stepin Fetchit" MacQuarrie, to Muriel Carl. (Small loss, Muriel.)

Gertrude Atkinson, who, 'tis said, "eats" homework (English grammar is particularly tasty with a little salt, says Gert) "sleeps" with her lessons (X-Y-Z's go prancing through her dreams) and "gets on the honor roll", leaves her studious habits and sunny disposition to Jeanne Davis.

Pattie Berg and her co-author (yours truly) leave their dream children, Frankie and Flossie, to the mercy of the Eighth Graders.

Dave Cassick leaves his famed swivel chair and his cigar to "Big-Business-Man" Hamilton of the Eighth Grade. (That's providing, IF, AND, and WHEN!)

Peggy Murphy leaves her love for music to Louise Brown.

"Bunky Sparre" leaves his delightful "cartooning" to Irene Wright. (She already has his heart so we figured

she might as well have a monopoly in that line.)

Anita Manley and Betty Schroeder leave the remains of their scavenger hunt to Dot Atkinson and Madalyn Hathaway. (Watch out Dot—the dog has fleas!)

Richard DeMello was about to leave his musical ability behind, but, at our urgent request, he is taking it along to Lawrence High.

The Ninth Grade girls' basketball team leave their thrilling 48-5 victories (on the part of the other team) to next year's team with good luck and best wishes. (They'll need it!)

Warren White and Dicky Hewins leave their so-called popularity with the fair sex to Lyle Long and John Lawrence. (The caveman style gets 'em, boys.)

Muriel Gediman leaves to April Oursler the editorship of the Broadcaster, together with all good wishes for a splendid magazine. She also leaves her a package of headache powders. You'll need them just as much as the good wishes, April.

James Harding, Allan Williams, Carol Barrows and Shirley Landers, leave their All-American spelling triumphs, in equal portions to the Seventh and Eighth Grade.

Patsy Nye leaves her flaming tresses to Eileen Scharff. (Patsy says she wanted to keep them in the family.)

In witness thereof, we, the Class of 1938, hereunto set our hands and seals this Seventeenth Day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

Muriel Gediman, '38

Witnesses:

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs  
Ti-pi-Tin  
Charlie McCarthy  
The Ancient Mariner

#### SELF-DEFENSE

"You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season. Have you any plea?"

El-R: "Self-defense."

### CLASS HISTORY

Late in 1935, our stalwart group of 113, under the able command of Captain Marshall, started out from Falmouth on a three year voyage. The first leg of our journey proved rough going unaccustomed as we were to our new life. However, with the help and advice of "the old salts of the Ninth Grade" and our superior officers we got our sea legs.

We took certain studies aboard ship and soon our best students proved their mettle by getting on the honor roll frequently. Muriel Gediman, Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, James Harding, Allan Williams, Anita Manley and others too numerous to mention soon showed their ability.

Our life on the open sea was not all hardships and trials, however. There were many outside interests to provide us with entertainment in our leisure time. Many of us joined clubs. Interesting assemblies such as spelling bees were also put on by different rooms.

There was also a great deal of rivalry in sports. Many of us girls joined hockey and basketball teams. Later our boys showed their proficiency at football. Numerous games were played with other ships such as "Mashpee" and we soon realized the wealth of star athletes in our midst.

During this time we had passed the first lap of our trip and were now midshipmen. The hardest part of our journey was over and it was now smoother sailing. Mr. Handy was our new Captain and he met with a hearty welcome. During these months of intensive training we had gained much knowledge and experience. Our new life as ensigns was now brightened by a more extensive social life. A party, a prom and a class luncheon brightened the otherwise drab days of study. Finally we have passed the last lap of our journey and are ready to be transferred to the ship, "L. H. S." We hope for smooth sailing and fair weather.

Shirley Landers, '38

### NINTH GRADE HONOR PUPILS

The Class of 1938 of the Henry W. Hall School has six members who have maintained 90% or over for their three years here:

Gertrude Atkinson	James Harding
Carol Barrows	Anita Manley
Muriel Gediman	Virginia Rowe

### CLASS DAY AND LAST ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

June 8 and 10 were set aside for the regular Ninth Grade Class Day Assembly and Final Assembly. The programs were as follows:

Class March,	Class of 1938
Junior High School Orchestra	
Leader of Assembly,	
Donald MacQuarrie, President	
Duet—Violin and Piano,	
Anita Manley, accompanied	
by Mr. Howard	
Class Wills,	George Mixer
	Muriel Gediman
Monologue,	Muriel Gediman
Solo,	David Cassick
Class Prophecies—	
A Division,	Virginia Rowe
	Carol Barrows
B Division	Abraham Cohen
	Elizabeth Schroeder
C and D Divisions,	Agnes Costa
Solo,	Elizabeth Schroeder
Guitar,	Richard DeMello
Farewell to School and Gift	
Presentation,	Donald MacQuarrie
Address to Class,	Mr. Handy,
	Principal
Class Song	Class of 1938
Words by Shirley Landers	

### CLASS LUNCHEON A SUCCESS

The Class of '38 held its Class Day on June 8. Mr. Dillingham, our superintendent and Mr. Gediman, a member of the School Committee, gave short talks. Donald MacQuarrie gave a toast to the class. A chicken dinner was prepared by Mrs. Underwood, and served by Eighth Graders.

Richard Hewins, '38.

**MOST DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS ABOARD S. S. HALL  
CLASS OF 1938**

Title	Girl	Boy
Best Looking	Helen Nelson	David Cassick
Most Musical	Muriel Gediman	Richard DeMello
Biggest Talker	Patricia Berg	Gordon Parker
Meekest	Shirley Landers	James Harding
Most Industrious	Gertrude Atkinson	James Harding
Laziest	Jean Hall	Gordon Stewart
Most Popular	Muriel Gediman	Donald MacQuarrie
Best Singer	Mary Lopez	Richard DeMello
Cleverest	Gertrude Atkinson	James Harding
Best Athlete	Amelia Peters	Milton Frye
Best Natured	Claire Higgins	Milton Frye
Best Dressed	Virginia Rowe	Carleton Collins
Biggest Flirt	Helen Nelson	Warren White
Class Pest	Mary Ignos	Carl Palmer
Best Citizen	Gertrude Atkinson	Richard Hewins
Best Actor	Muriel Gediman	Richard DeMello
Biggest Bluffer	Jean Hall	David Cassick
Worst Gum Chewer	Helen Nelson	Arthur Reynolds
Best Dancer	Guinivere Hinckley	David Whitemore
Class Clown	Olive Ferreira	Harold Marks
Class Poet	Shirley Landers	
Youngest	Mary Ignos	Allan Williams
Thinnest	Lucile Studley	Wilbur Cornelius
Fattest	Claire Higgins	Gordon Parker
Tallest	Geraldine Hammond	Arthur Reynolds
Shortest	Olive Medeiros	Richard DeMello
Smartest	Gertrude Atkinson	James Harding
Most Artistic	Marguerite Carlson	Stanley Sparre

**CLASS PROM**

Amidst red and white streamers, the soft glimmer of a pale spot light, the glitter of silver slippers, and the swishing of long dresses, the first Ninth Grade Prom came into existence. The effect of a night club was achieved by arranging the tables attractively in a square, which surrounded the dancing couples. A specialty number was presented by Betty Schroeder. She sang that popular air, "Ti Pi Tin". Refreshments, served by the eighth grade girls, were heartily enjoyed by all. The committee which was divided into several sub-committees was as follows: general chairman—Virginia Rowe; refreshments—Patty Berg, Muriel Gediman; decorations—George Mixer, Warren White; entertainment—Peggy Murphy, Donald MacQuarrie; music—Richard Hewins, David Whitemore.

Patty Berg, '38

**CLASS GIFT—A PLAQUE**

A plaque was the final decision of the class gift committee. After many suggestions, including a portrait of Henry W. Hall, the first principal of the school, and remodeling the teachers' room, the group ultimately decided on a plaque as being most appropriate class gift to the school.

Some of the members have already attempted to make money for the purchase of the class gift. Henry W. Hall School caps are on sale at present. A chicken raffle, and candy sales have been put on. The members on the committee include Carol Barrows, Helen Nelson, Priscilla Hildreth, Gertrude Atkinson, Donald MacQuarrie, Gordon Parker, Warren Bailey, David Cassick, and Carl Palmer.

Gertrude Atkinson, '38





### FLOSSIE and FRANKIE FRESHMEN

"Ssssst! Flossie!" A gleaming wad of white paper came spinning through the air. Flossie blushed, but nevertheless, she stealthily slid her foot out into the aisle, to guide the note safely to its destination. She hastily devoured its contents. A nod of affirmation caused Frankie to fall into a pleasant mental haze. Suddenly he recovered upon hearing Miss Jenkins' booming voice: "For the third and last time, Frankie, what is the name of the fifth President of the United States?" To Frankie's amorous ears, the question became: "What is the name of the movie?" "Oh—it's 'LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!' and there's a swell comedy too!" "Francis! I am not interested in the cinema, and you'd do much better if you weren't!"

As the last bell rang, Frankie went scooting madly down the hall, hoping to escape Miss Jenkins's watchful eye. Feeling much elated at having successfully (he hoped) done so, he nonchalantly ambled down the stairs and cast furtive glances around for Flossie. At last she appeared, freshly primped, and "ready to go!" They walked self-consciously down the Main Street, and headed for the theatre. As they passed the local drug-store, Frankie silently contemplated buying a chocolate bar, but decided that 35 cents was enough for one day.

They entered the velvet-carpeted lobby, and Frankie boastfully sauntered up to the ticket office.

"One child and one adult, please." The bewhiskered ticket-seller peered over his specs at Frankie. "Who's the child's for?" he cackled. Frankie squirmed uncomfortably. "Her!" he said shortly, casting a venomous glance at the innocent gent! "Seems as though she must be older than 12," and turning suddenly to Flossie, "You're Fred Freshman's daughter, ain't ye?" "Yes." Flossie blushed sympathetically, as she glanced at Frankie. Unconscious of all the havoc he was causing, the antiquated man remarked, "By cracky, seems to me, it was just yesterday that I was aholdin' ye on me knee, an' achangin' ye di'pers. But that was fourteen yars ago! Well, blow me down, ye needs a adult ticket! Sorry, Sonny!" Frankie gulped, and his hand faltered to his pocket. One lone coin came in contact with his fingers; this he brought to view, the whole sum of five cents. Old Felix smiled, and taking the nickel out of Frankie's motionless palm, he said, "Thank ye, Sonny!" and handed him two adult tickets. Frankie breathed a sigh of relief, and with a grateful nod at Felix, he took Flossie's arm, and walked manfully through the open door.

(Continued on Page 14)





### THEY BELIEVE IT NOW!

Fifty years ago on the coast of Frisco there was a giant of a man living in an old barge. His name was "Blazes" Burnham.

"Blazes" was a great boaster. Repeatedly he boasted of his ability as a sea-man. Many times he would say, "Boys, you're looking at 'Blazes' Burnham, the only man on the Seven Seas that can sail a four-masted schooner single-handed."

Every one believed it was impossible for any man, even "Blazes", to sail a four master single-handed. After hearing the boast year in and year out, they decided that they ought to do something about it. Finally they thought of a scheme. They canvassed the waterfront and got men to pool their money. Altogether they raised a total of sixty-three dollars.

Over on the other side of the harbor was an old, dilapidated, four-masted schooner. It had a little canvas and most of the rigging was rotten. It had many leaks and the only reason it didn't sink was because the water was too shallow.

With the sixty-three dollars they bought it and towed it out into the harbor where they anchored it. Every night they went out and pumped it out to keep it afloat.

One day "Blazes" was telling sea stories in a restaurant owned by a Captain Esau. As he was going out, he turned around, pounded the table with his fist, and shouted, "Boys, you're looking at 'Blazes' Burnham, the only man on the Seven Seas who can sail

### SKELETONS IN THE CLOSETS

It was a rainy, dismal day as we drove through Naples. Since we had been there before, we were not overly disappointed—but merely told the driver to take us to the Chapel of San Severro. I had never heard of this place before and was very curious.

It was a dingy old place with a weird atmosphere. It was poorly lighted and was filled with odd statues pertaining to religion. The monk showed these to us and then, as he was leading us down a low corridor, he told us the following tale:

"About one hundred years ago this chapel belonged to an extremely wealthy man and adjoined his house which has since been destroyed. He was married and, like most married rich men in novels, fell in love with his cook, who in turn was in love with the butler. One day the master of the house came upon his two servants making love. He flew into a rage and had them killed on the spot. He then took their bodies and strung them up on the doors of two closets in a hall adjacent to the chapel."

As he finished his story we entered the hall and he threw open the closet doors. A gruesome spectacle met our eyes. Two skeletons with bare white bones glared at us. Here was the proof of the tale. It was fantastic but true. He closed the doors again, and as he showed us out into the torrent of rain, it was like emerging from a fairy tale book. From the land of make-believe to the land of reality.

(Continued on Page 17)

April Oursler, '39

**SPRING**

A bird is singing in the leaves of yonder tree,  
 The little flowers nod their brightly colored heads  
 With the tune of the music of the singing bird.  
 The crimson rose blooms and blushes in the cluster still;  
 The song of the bird they know but cannot sing.  
 It may be that the beautiful things lack the singing key,  
 But they themselves only know.  
 But let that not worry us because  
 The little bird has come to spend its spring in yonder tree.

James Antonellis, '40.

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**WHODUNIT? OR  
 THE CIVICS CLASS CRIME**

"Gerry! we've got it! What are we going to do with it?"

"Do with what?"

"The lamp. It's in our locker. What on earth are we going to do?"

"My gosh! Does 'Broady' know about it?"

"I don't think so, but what—"

The heretofore mythical "Broady" presented himself at that time in the person of Mr. Broad, the civics teacher. "Stop this giggling and talking and get in line."

Meekly the two girls did so, pondering silently about the all important question of the mysterious "Lamp".

The lamp, which until yesterday, had reposed peacefully on Mr. Broad's desk, was the "loot" in the battling "CIVICS CLASS CRIME". When a few days before the class had requested a trial, Mr. Broad had decided to have someone really commit a crime so that there would be enough tangible evidence to convict the criminal. That morning the announcement was made that the crime had been committed, and now—here was the lamp in locker 29. Their locker!

Amidst the rattle of dishes and the murmur of conversation Virgie hissed to Gerry, "Are you it?"

"Don't talk in riddles. Am I what?"

"The criminal! Did **you** take it?"

"No! of course not. Did **you**?"

"Don't be silly! What are we going to do with it?"

After a great deal of discussion they decided to rid themselves of all responsibility by placing the lamp inconspicuously in a waste basket. For three periods they vainly tried to accomplish this. First—the bell rang and pupils filled the halls; then the principal foiled their plans by placing himself in front of their locker and conversing with a teacher. Finally however, the coast was clear and the deed was done. What a relief! The two went off to algebra with light hearts, and the lamp was left in the waste basket.

Staying after school to make up an algebra test, Virgie heard the janitor's voice resounding through the rooms. "Is this yours? I found it in the waste basket."

As the questioning continued—from room to room—Virgie grew more and more nervous until finally she dropped the test on the teacher's desk and flew after him. As she reached him he was in the act of placing the lamp on the absent Mr. Broad's desk. "Oh, Mr. Boyd. You mustn't!"

"Mustn't what?"

"Put it back. You see we're having a crime in Civics class, and that's what is stolen, and if you put it back it won't be stolen and—"

Mr. Boyd—between fits of laughter—decided to let her have the lamp so that the crime could go on undisturbed. He did so, and breathing a sigh of relief, Virgie rushed out, and not knowing what else to do, placed the stolen lamp in the nearest locker and went home keeping her fingers crossed.

Now the question is **WHO DID WHICH? WHO IS THE CRIMINAL?**

Muriel Ged'man, '38

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**So It Does**

"What does W. P. A. stand for, dad?"

"Well, for one thing, Junior, it stands for a lot of criticism."





### SUSIE AND SAMMY GO TO SEA

It was too good to be true! Susie and Sammy, twelve; Bobby, two; and Jean, nineteen; with their father and mother were going abroad for two whole months. Susie and Sammy were dancing around their room, singing and shouting. Then the bad news came. Mr. Montague J. Douglas, a hard-boiled tutor, was accompanying them to give them lessons.

"Fooey!" exclaimed Sammy, "It would be all right if Sis or Bobby were taking lessons. But Sis is too old and Bobby too young."

"Oh well. Let's make the best of it," said Susie, and they did.

Mr. Simpkins was going to Europe because he was Mrs. J. Morgan Vandenberg's bodyguard. Mrs. Vandenberg was taking the famous "Dickson Diamond" to a museum in Paris, and she asked Mr. Simpkins to bring his family along.

The *Normandie* was three days out. Susie and Sammy were having their lessons when Jean walked in. "The diamond is gone!" she said. "Dad's trying to find it now. Let me borrow your scarlet neckerchief, Susie, I have to go and keep a date with that handsome young fellow I met yesterday. Good-bye!"

"Gosh! That diamond is worth \$400,000," said Susie.

"Children! The lessons!" said Mon-

tague J. Douglas. So the twins had their lessons.

There was a storm that night and Sammy, a victim of seasickness, was on deck with his father. He had lost his supper, and having left his father, he started walking toward his cabin. Just then Sammy heard a noise and ducked behind a lifeboat. A man cautiously lifted the canvas, placed a small object in the boat and quickly walked away.

Sammy crept around the boat and lifted the canvas. In the bottom of the boat he found a small ebony box. He recognized it as the one in which Mrs. Vandenberg kept the diamond. He ran and took the box to his father.

The next morning Mr. Simpkins asked Sammy if he recognized the man. Sammy said he had never seen him before, but he was about medium height, probably weighed around one hundred fifty, had dark brown hair and a little Clark Gable mustache, and that he wore a gray overcoat.

"Golly!" said Susie, "But that description fits exactly Jean's new friend, Mr. Wintergarten."

That afternoon when James Wintergarten came to see Jean, he was unpleasantly surprised. Mr. Simpkins clapped handcuffs on him and took him to Captain Henry. He promptly confessed and cursed Sammy to the best of his ability.

"Certainly the children must have a reward," said Mr. Vandenberg, "What do you wish, children?"

"No lessons!!!" exclaimed both children at once.

Durham Caldwell, '40.

### Had Enough

At the Ninth Grade Prom:

M. G.: "If you're tired of dancing, let's sit down and have a little tete-a-tete."

G. M.: "No, thank you. After such a big supper, I really couldn't eat a thing."

**GUNS OVER GALILEE!**

"Bloody Bombing in Spain!"

"War in China—Thousands Die!"

"Fighting in the Holy Land!"

The headlines are screaming. We read them, shake our heads and say, "Tch, tch, tch! How awful!" Then we walk off and forget all about it.

When I was in the Holy Land, I got a taste of War. War, as it really is!

As we approached the Palestinian border, two uniformed Englishmen stepped to the middle of the road and stopped us. We pulled over to the side of the road and waited for the other cars to join us. We lined up and an armored car drove up ahead of us. Turning around we discovered that one was behind us also. They were grey cars with two machine guns and carried three men all armed to the teeth.

While driving through the rocky hills of Palestine, we could not help noticing that on top of every hill were stationed three or four men with machine-guns and an anti-aircraft gun. Every man we passed was watched carefully till we were out of sight of him. We drove to the city of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. It was here that Jesus walked upon water. The guards told us briskly that we would have an hour for lunch and must leave at two p. m.

After lunch we drove on down to Jerusalem. On our way we passed through Bethlehem, Jesus's birthplace, and through Nablus.

The next morning the Palestine Post read:

"Nablus bombed. 420 killed!"

Having just been through there the previous day, you can imagine how we felt.

This experience thoroughly brought home the horrors of war to me. I never will, I never can, forget that encounter with the most horrible of man's pastimes—War!!!

April Oursler, '39

**FRANKIE AND FLOSSIE**

(Continued from Page 10)

That night as Frankie related his embarrassing experience to "Pop", a new idea suddenly dawned on him. He would redeem himself in the eyes of his fair one. "Pop" had just presented the family with a new canoe, in celebration of "Mom's" birthday. Flossie had always wanted to go canoeing and here was his chance. After obtaining "Pop's" permission, and Flossie's consent, Frankie artistically piled pillows in the canoe, and dragged it down to the river.

The great day dawned, and at exactly 2:30 Flossie was stepping gingerly down to the water's edge. She hopped lightly into the canoe, where Frankie was already seated at the stern. Giving a hard push, he sent the light vessel skimming down the river.

As Flossie was seating herself among the luxurious pillows, the boat lurched crazily forward, sending Flossie into a breath-taking belly-flop, which landed her in the river. Flossie came up, blowing water spouts, her hair hanging in straight strands about her ghastly face. "Frankie!" she called.

Hastily glancing at his new \$5.00 shoes, Frankie quickly slipped them off, and dove heroically into the river, forgetting that he himself couldn't swim. Gasping madly for breath he came up to the top, and grasped Flossie's shoulders. Flossie quickly sensed his peril, and remembering her life-saving lessons of one year previous, gently placed her hand under his chin and guided him safely to the shore.

A sorry bedraggled sight were the two, as they stepped exhausted but unharmed up the bank. Giving one last wistful glance at the shiny canoe, which was floating lazily down the river, Frankie and Flossie Freshmen walked home hand in hand.

Patty Berg, '38.

Muriel Gediman, '38.



### SUPPY DING DANG FOILED AGAIN

Chi Ki King Ku Pop was excited, very excited in fact. In other words, he was excited about two very exciting things. The first was that his father had gotten a job at the "White Chief's" place. "White Chief" was building a new railroad bridge across Sacky Pan Fooey River. Chi Ki's father was an engineer because he could drive a nail, turn a screw, and bolt a rivet. "White Chief" said he would be a very good engineer if he knew how to shoot dynamite.

The other thing Chi Ki was excited about was that the moon dog, Suppy Ding Dang, was going to try to gobble up the moon very soon.

Everything went along nicely at the bridge, but "White Chief" wanted part of the river bank blown away by dynamite. Since he could get no one to light the fuse, he decided to do it himself. The day before he was to light it, he set the dynamite in. Chi Ki was there, and he asked "White Chief" what it was. "White Chief" said, "When this string is lit, there will be a noise like a million lions all roaring at each other, and then the whole river bank will cave in."

Very strangely "White Chief" was called away about an hour before he was to light the fuse. Chi Ki waited many dongs of the clock for him, but

he did not return. As night came slowly on, Chi Ki watched the stars come twinkling out. All of a sudden the full moon came over the treetops. Chi Ki watched in awe. He had never before seen the moon so beautiful. Suddenly stark terror tingled up and down his spine. The black dog was starting to swallow the moon! Chi Ki ran as he never ran before. He ran as fast as he could toward the village to tell the people. All the people of the village came out and started shooting fireworks. Chi Ki held his ears. This noise would certainly scare away Suppy Ding Dang. But dreadful Suppy Ding Dang continued to eat the poor moon. When there was only about a fourth of the moon left, Chi Ki had an idea. He got a match, and ran and ran toward the bridge. He looked at the moon. There was only a sliver left, and that was going fast. Chi Ki reached the river and scrambled down the side. He came to the fuse for the dynamite. Without hesitation he lit the fuse. He did not notice that the fuse was only about two inches long. He started climbing up the side of the river bank, but before he reached the top, there was a terrific explosion. The river bank caved in with a roar. Chi Ki looked up and saw the black dog go away, leaving the moon full. Chi Ki slid over the river bank into the river with a contented smile on his lips; thus Chi Ki King Ku Pop had died to save the moon.

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#### Author's Note

An old Chinese legend tells us that a big black dog chased the moon through the sky. When he caught up with the moon, he started eating it. The people shot fireworks to scare away the dog. Very fortunately they have succeeded in scaring him away every time. If they hadn't, where would the moon be?

(This, of course, is just the eclipse of the moon.)

Lyle Long, '39



### THE MERCHANT AND THE PARSON AND HIS CLERK

'Way back in the days of early England, a man ran a small inn on the road to Dawlish, a small village on the Devon coast.

One evening a travel-worn merchant-man stopped at the inn for a night's lodging. As there was no one else in the inn, the proprietor invited the merchant to join in a glass of ale before the hearth. The merchant said he would be glad to, and did so.

As he had not been in that country before, it was natural that he should ask questions, and that he did. One word led to another, and finally with much hesitation the proprietor began:

"Once upon a time, a minister and his clerk were riding through the adjacent country on their way to Dawlish. Due to an error of the clerk, they had become lost in the woods. The irate parson said to the clerk, 'I would rather have the Evil One for a guide!'

"Immediately a strange horseman appeared, and said that he would guide them on their way. By and by they came to the horseman's castle, which was on this very road about half a league distant from here. Here they stopped, and the horseman invited them to partake of breakfast with him. They readily accepted and ate to contentment. But on returning to their horses, when they wished once again to be on their way, they found that the horses wouldn't budge. The parson in a rage said, 'The Evil One take the brutes!'

"I will,' said the horseman, and lashed them over the nearby cliff, which you can see from the road. During the fall, their riders turned to stone and to this day are known as the Parson and his Clerk."

After this oration, the old man put aside his mug, and brought forth his pipe and smoked silently for a while, then went to bed after mumbling a "Good-Night."

For a while the merchant sat there, doubting the truth of the tale. Finally,

he also went to bed, resolved that he would go bright and early on the morrow to prove in his own mind the truth of the legend . . .

On awakening the next morning, the merchant ate his breakfast, and after hurriedly paying his bill, he set off to locate the mansion. This he did with no trouble at all, for it was the only one in the countryside, and was in ruins.

"Well, there is the castle, at any rate," said the merchant, as he approached the nearby cliff to look over. At that moment a strange man, dressed in quaint English riding clothes, emerged from the trees with a long bull-whip in his hand. Being frightened almost out of his wits at the man's resemblance to the described mysterious horseman, the merchant attempted to spur his horse onward, but found to his horror, that it wouldn't move, being under some sort of hypnotic spell. With a cruel laugh, the man lashed the horse until he was driven over the cliff at the precise spot of the parson's fall. Here the merchant also changed to stone and the stones are now known as the Parson, his Clerk, and the Merchant; and to this day, all parents have handed it down to their children to beware of the castle on the Dawlish road, and the "mysterious rider" in quaint English riding clothes.

John Lawrence, '39



### **JAMES CAGNEY, MOVIE ACTOR, SUBSCRIBES TO BROADCASTER**

Sunday, May 15, 1938, was a memorable day for Warren White and me. As we sat in our car at the Woods Hole wharf, we noticed a green Buick coupe with Massachusetts number plates. This car, we learned a few minutes later, belonged to James Cagney, the movie actor, and his wife, Frances, who were waiting for the boat to take them to their summer home on the Vineyard.

Being autograph seekers, we wholeheartedly wished to add these names to our collection. Finally I consented to go over and speak to him first. After a very cordial greeting and friendly conversation, we received their autographs.

Then thinking of the fact that **The Broadcaster** ought to have a very famous subscriber, I told him about our magazine and asked him to subscribe. This he did in a friendly way, and told me to send it to California. Thus did we unexpectedly gain a new friend and add a famous name to our **Broadcaster** subscription list. We think James Cagney is just a "regular guy."

Richard Hewins, '38.

### **THE HAUNTED HOUSE**

When out riding on our bicycles one sunny afternoon, my girl friend and I stopped at the side of a pond and looked across. On the opposite shore we saw a large, yellow, ramshackle house. As it looked deserted and very interesting, we decided to explore the opposite side and try to find it. We rode over the bridge and found a road overgrown with low bushes down which we turned. About a quarter of a mile in, we came upon our destination. The building we could now see had never been completed although it had been inhabited. Broken furniture was piled in doorways without doors and the windows were minus glass. Broken china was strewn about, and the atmosphere was very quiet and a bit spooky. We tip-toed to the doorway and looked in.

Just then a torn curtain swung in the breeze and made a queer sighing sound which sent the shivers down our spines.

We walked around to the back, each looking as if we expected to be seized from behind.

Thump! thump! We turned and looked inquiringly about but saw nothing.

Bang! That was enough for us. My companion said, "Let's go!" (and we did!)

Riding with all possible speed, we soon reached the place where we could no longer ride because of the mud and ruts. In jumping off my shoe lace caught in the chain. Hearing footsteps behind me I turned, only to see my friend come running up. She finally loosened the troublesome lace and we once more continued our flight.

Afterwards we felt foolish and continued our trip, determined not to do anymore exploring. But I still wonder about that house! Were we being a bit silly and imaginative?

Jean Barrows, '40

### **THEY BELIEVE IT NOW!**

(Continued from Page 11)

a four-masted schooner single-handed."

Instantly twenty men pounced on him and quickly tied him up. They put "Blazes" on board the schooner and hoisted what little canvas there was. They hauled up the anchor and gave "Blazes" a knife with which to cut himself loose. They then rowed ashore leaving "Blazes" alone to make good his boast.

The whole water front thought it was rid of him at last. Two days later a terrific gale came up and they knew that "Blazes" could never sail a boat in that wind.

Eleven days later the water front awoke to see an old schooner tied up to a wharf. Sure enough there was "Blazes" Burnham, sitting on the poop deck looking proud and razzing all the people on the water front. He had made good his boast!

Edward Handy, '38

### THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

Anne Hutchinson lived in a tiny village in the White Mountains. The population of the village consisted mostly of Indians and a few white families. Anne's ancestors had come over from England in the spring of 1652 and now, almost two hundred years later, Anne lived in the house they had built. As Anne's father and mother were dead, she lived with her Grandmother Hutchinson and her Aunt Matilda.

Anne's sole playmate, a girl of her own age, was White Bird, the daughter of an Indian chief. White Bird's father knew many interesting stories of the forests, of wizards and of the spirits. White Bird and Anne never tired of listening to his stories, and many hours they spent in this way.

One fine morning the chief told them a story of Crystal Mountain. As the day was a fine one and Crystal Mountain was only a few minutes' walk from the village, the girls decided to walk a few miles up the mountain. Anne's aunt gave them a lunch to take with them and they started merrily on their way.

In early afternoon as they had started to descend, a beautiful Indian maid appeared before them and motioned to them to follow her. The girls readily assented and she led them up a beautiful but lonely path. After a while a mist settled upon the mountain, but it soon cleared and the girls saw a great fire before them. The fire threw no heat, and as they drew near a great carbuncle, a round-shaped garnet, was revealed. The girls gasped at the beautiful sight, but their guide silenced them with a look and waved her right hand over the great garnet and two small pieces of it broke off. These she handed to the amazed girls. Again she waved her left hand and the rock burned once more. In a moment the beautiful Indian maid disappeared into the fire. The girls looked at each other and gasped with

astonishment. As nothing more happened, the girls descended the mountain.

When they reached the settlement, they went immediately to White Bird's father, feeling sure that he could explain. As they repeated their adventure and showed him the two stones, he gazed at them in wonder and murmured in an awed voice, "Truly you have seen the Great Carbuncle and those are pieces of the Great Carbuncle itself, that you have!"

The girls wondered the more at this and the chief told them the story of the Great Carbuncle.

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#### Note

This is the story the old chief told the girls:

"On the highest mountain, of the White Mountain range, suspended from a crag overlooking a dismal lake, is an enormous carbuncle. This carbuncle has been seen blazing at night like a live coal. At night its glare lights the rocks around like the fire of a midnight encampment. During the day its rays are dazzling to look upon, like those of the sun.

Several noted conjurers of the tribe have tried to ascend the mountain, but none of them ever returned. The Indians believe that the spirits turned them to stone, or had flung them headlong down some stark and terrible precipice."

Natalie Robertson, '39.







### WHAT IS THE SCHOOL?

There is an unwritten law which states: We cannot stand still, we must go backward or move forward. One might well add: If we desire to move forward, our success in getting ahead will be limited only by our willingness to cooperate, to be loyal, and to always be good sports. Throughout the year now coming to a close our school has been moving forward, and its motive power has been the fine spirit of cooperation, the unswerving loyalty, and the good sportsmanship of its student body.

If our school is to be held in high esteem throughout the community, and if it is to be loved and cherished by all students that come under its influence, then we must foster and develop these qualities to a high degree. This calls for a sense of cooperation of the highest type—one which puts the welfare of the school ahead of individual interest. It requires a kind of loyalty which becomes stronger and deeper as the years go by. It demands of all a sense of sportsmanship which is generous, fair, and honorable.

The Hall School is not just a building equipped with classrooms which contain teaching materials. In a sense WE are the school. And just as we as individuals improve in our ability to cooperate, possess a fine sense of loyalty, and maintain high standards of good sportsmanship, to that extent will our school move forward.

Everett L. Handy  
Principal

### VALEDICTORY

Amidst the rush of class wills, class prophecies, class songs, class gifts, class **this's** and class **that's**, the real significance and importance of this solemn occasion is in danger of being overlooked.

Three short years ago we entered the Hall School—inexperienced, bewildered, and awesome Seventh Graders. Now, we stand on the threshold of a new adventure—confident, self-assured Ninth Graders. Joys and sorrows have been crowded into these short years. Many happy friendships have been made with teachers and schoolmates. And now—it is time to say goodbye.

Farewells are usually sad, but—it is with a feeling of happiness that we leave, confident that the in-coming classes are fully able to carry on the splendid school spirit, cooperation and friendship which we, the class of 1938, have helped to form.

Muriel Gediman, '38  
Editor-in-Chief.

### BON VOYAGE!

As a parting word, may I take this opportunity to thank the teachers and students of the Hall School, and the staff and friends of **The Broadcaster** for the unfailing support that has made **The Broadcaster** a success. Best wishes for continued success to the future Broadcaster staffs and their advisers. Carry on!

Kathleen Arenovski,  
Adviser.



### LAND HO!

Ever since primeval days man has wanted to travel. He walked, then he learned to ride, and then he went boating. The first boat was a rude hollowed-out log which was quite awkward to handle. From this evolved the small graceful Indian canoe.

The next main improvement was the sailing ship. At first they were rough and hard to handle, but the Americans improved upon it and invented the clipper ship. The most famous of these was the **Ranger**.

These all had the trans-Atlantic trade because they were so swift. Their only trouble was the fact that being so light, they could not carry much. When the steam boat was first used by Samuel Cunard, it was a great improvement on the former transportation. Because of these ships, the old clippers died out.

It is a long way from the first steam packets to the large majestic liners of today. While the packets were small and inconvenient, the modern liner is large and spacious.

Although it was a hundred and nineteen years ago this month that the first packet crossed the Atlantic, the cry is now, was then, and always will be "LAND HO!" April Oursler, '39

Assistant Editor.

### SOPHS GET HONOR PINS

Richard Barry, Clayton Collins, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, George Kariotis, Charlotte McKenzie.

### ANCHORS AWEIGH!

One of the pictures most familiar to all of us is that of Columbus poring over his charts and maps in preparation for his great adventure of discovery. Without this careful preparation and study, his voyage might not have been successful.

Each one of us is a Columbus in his own way, an adventurer upon the boundless sea of life. The time has now arrived when we should give some serious thought to answering the question, "Where am I going? What do I wish to make out of my life?" Don't go off on a haphazard adventure without any particular end in view. Consider your abilities, your capabilities, your talents, and your likes and dislikes.

Then—choose your port, chart your course, hold firm to the wheel, and let not wind or sea swerve you from your destination.

And when your ship comes in, may it come in with all flags flying.

Muriel Gediman, '38

Editor-in-Chief.

### GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

Shedding a figurative tear or two, the student body and the faculty prepare to bid farewell to Miss Kathleen D. Arenovski and Miss Arlene Sheehan.

Miss Arenovski, who has been a member of the faculty for five years, has taught English in both the Eighth and Ninth Grades. She has efficiently supervised the Broadcaster Club and coached the girls' basketball teams.

Miss Sheehan has taught in Falmouth for the past three years and has taught business training, mathematics, and "penmanship". She has had charge of the extremely successful Junior Business Club and has been girls' hockey coach.

Despite the fact that we deeply regret their departure, we wish them all good luck in Lawrence High School and may they be equally successful there.

The Editor

The Assistant Editor



### HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

Ninth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, Muriel Gediman, James Harding, Guinivere Hinckley, Mary Ignos, Elizabeth Schroeder.

Eighth Grade: John Lawrence, Dorothy Maceda, Eleanor McLaughlin, Natalie Robertson, Hilda Silva, Evangeline Tollio, Jean Wagner, April Oursler.

Seventh Grade: Alice Barrows, Durham Caldwell, Helen Kariotis, Richard Strand, Virginia Studley.

### HONOR ROLL FOR MARCH

Ninth Grade: Carol Barrows, Muriel Gediman, James Harding, Guinivere Hinckley.

Eighth Grade: Eleanor McLaughlin, April Oursler, Natalie Robertson, Evangeline Tollio, Marguerite Troop.

Seventh Grade: Jean Barrows, Durham Caldwell, Helen Kariotis.

### HONOR ROLL FOR APRIL

Ninth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, James Harding, Claire Higgins, Guinivere Hinckley.

Eighth Grade: Eleanor McLaughlin, Evangeline Tollio.

Seventh Grade: John Ballard, Alice Barrows, Jean Barrows, Durham Caldwell, Patricia Holden, Helen Kariotis, Richard Strand, Virginia Studley.

### "A TRADE IS THE THING"

Moving pictures and a lecture on the Vocational School at Worcester, was the topic of interest at the April 13, 1938 assembly. Mr. Robert Nolan was the speaker in charge of the program.

### "OPEN HOUSE" PROVES MOST SUCCESSFUL

On May 22, 1938, a stranger to the town would probably have heard shouts of laughter and glee, as the pupils of the Hall School poured into its open doors for the first session of night classes.

Two periods were taught by every teacher, and the pupils, strange as it may seem, were asked no embarrassing questions.

The parents saw such interesting things as the Broadcaster Club in session, shop, and other studies. They were allowed to visit their children's classes, and many pupils blushed heartily as the door opened to reveal "My Pop". After the close of the periods, the guests were escorted back to the homerooms, to enjoy refreshments served by the pupils.

Patty Berg, '38

### ASSEMBLIES

#### GIRLS GIVE DEMONSTRATION

Miss Buros's department of physical education, conducted an interesting and lively exhibition assembly on March 18, 1938. A short but hilarious sketch depicting a future lady-like football game, which was much enjoyed by the assembled classes, was presented by the ninth grade girls. Rhythm dancing by the seventh grade group, and novel tumbling stunts by the eighth grade gym class, received much applause.





**HALL SCHOOL STUDENT COUNCIL**

**"NUMBER PLEASE"**

On February 25, 1938 the Hall school student body had the privilege of seeing an interesting movie, commentated by Edward C. Hill. Harry Crooks, the district manager of the Falmouth branch of the N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co., gave a short explanation preceding the pictures.

**"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR"**

The Hall School Orchestra entertained with several numbers at the assembly on April 8, 1938. Solos by Marguerite Troop, piano; Rudolph Blanchard, trombone, and John Lawrence, violin, were heartily applauded.

Patty Berg, '38.



**HALL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA**



HALL SCHOOL FACULTY

### SHIP AHOY!

An exciting boat race, featuring the final Broadcaster Campaign, was preceded by a "Preview of Coming Attractions" Assembly, which took the delighted student audience to all the far-off corners of the earth. With firing of a blank cartridge the three weeks' campaign got under way.

In the first lap the Eighth Grade "Flying Cloud" piloted by Capt. Harper led the way, followed closely by Capt. Arenovski's Ninth Grade "Normandie" and Capt. Abbott's Seventh Grade "Ranger". Throughout the remainder of the race and at the finish line in the last lap, the tide turned and the "Normandie" placed first, the "Ranger" second, and the "Flying Cloud", third.

The total amount of money taken in was \$48.00.

Miss Lathrop's Eighth Grade Room One received 100% on the second day of the campaign and won the Broadcaster Banner for bringing in the most money. Other rooms to get 100% were Rooms Two, Three, Four, and Seven. Alice Paine of Room One won first prize of \$1.00 for the most subscriptions, while Warren Bailey of Room Two won second prize. Miss Sheehan's Business Club again helped out very willingly during the campaign. "With all hands on deck" the boat race successfully brought the Broadcaster Campaign to an end. Many thanks!

Richard Hewins, '38

Business Manager.



## FASHIONS

Living here in Falmouth gives all you Sub-Debs,—and otherwise,—a grand chance to make the most of this season's sport clothes.

Among the many new styles shown, you will see dirndles . . . short slacks . . . monk hoods on sport outfits . . . fish wife skirts . . . short beach coats to match dressmaker bathing suits . . . suspenders on skirts, shorts, etc. . . . backless dresses for tennis . . . high cork soles on beach sandals . . . babushka bonnets . . . full skirts . . . beer jackets . . . wedge heels on shoes . . . and many others.

A frock of the "Gibson Girl" type is youthful as well as different for best. A cute combination is a navy pleated skirt, white blouse with long billowing sleeves, and a wide red sash.

Extra necessities to make your vacation a successful one are;—a wool topcoat, extra shorts, halters, slacks, blouses, sweaters, skirts, and washable dresses for everyday. If your clothes are monogrammed all the better!

Best wishes for a happy and fashionable summer to you all!

Virginia Rowe, '38

## BROADCASTER MAINTAINS

## C. S. P. A. THIRD CLASS

## HONOR RATING

With 775 points out of a possible 1000 **The Broadcaster** for the third consecutive year received third place rating in the annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association Contest. The magazine compared favorably with other contestants in the field of editorials, stories, humor, and cuts, but was sadly lacking in poetry. The fact that there is a scarcity of up-and-coming bards is the chief thing that must be rectified before the Broadcaster can raise its rating. With the welcome addition of 55 points more than last year to our total score, the staff bemoans the fact that the extra 25 points needed to place us in the second classification were not obtained. Despite this we are very proud to have maintained our third class rating and hope to continue doing this or bettering it.

## G-R-R-

J. L. at Zoo: "Is that gnu very vicious?"

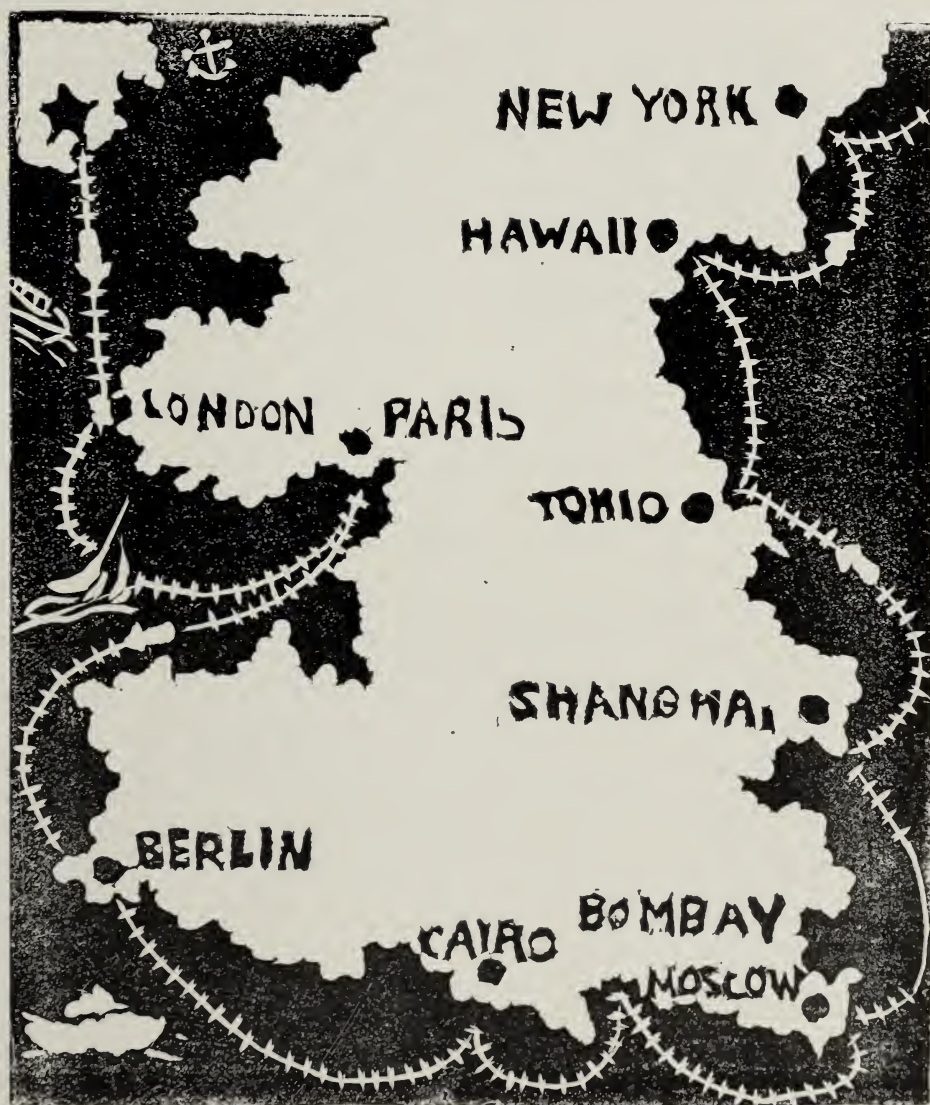
Guide: "Well, no gnus is good gnus."



TRAFFIC SQUAD



# News From All Parts of the World



## KEY TO ROOM CHART

Mr. Handy's office—New York	Room Five—Bombay
Room One—London	Room Six—Moscow
Room Two—Paris	Room Seven—Shanghai
Room Three—Heidelberg (Not Berlin)	Room Eight—Tokio
Room Four—Cairo	Room Nine—Hawaii

Seagoing theme of **The Broadcaster** was suggested by Richard Hewins and the news was edited by April Oursler.



### London

Windsor . . . King Edward VIII . . .  
 Anne Boleyn . . . House of Commons  
 . . . Buckingham palace . . . Big Ben  
 . . . Tower of London . . . Queen Elizabeth  
 . . . Parliament Buildings . . .  
 Thames River . . . Kew Gardens . . .  
 Piccadilly Circus.

\* \* \*

Were we proud when ouah London representative, April Ouslah, won the S. S. Hall spelling bee. April survived many "letter-twisters" only to end up against a most formidable opponent, James Harding, from Paris. April finally "got a break" as the Americans say, when James got jolly well balled up in "possession." April spelled it bully well, and managed to rattle off "refrigerator." A topping victory, wat? Rawthaw!

The bally old crew of the S. S. Hall, was jolly well stahlted when topping old London first got 100%. Hot stuff, as those blimey vaudeville blokes say. Sometime in the future—

The London pahliament expects to toddle off on another boat cruise on a boat belonging to Mastah "Stuffie's" govahnaw.

John Lawrence, '39

### Vacation

"What is school without a teacher?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Vacation," yelled G. Par—

### Paris

Capital of France . . . center of fashion . . . third largest city in Europe . . . center of finance, commerce, education, art, literature, and music . . . one of the most beautiful municipalities . . . "Gay Paree!"

\* \* \*

After spending the day in strenuous loafing, the American representatives to Paris gave a large party inviting many Berlin and Shanghai ministers. Those in charge were: Mademoiselle Schroeder, Mlle. Barrows, Mlle. Vincent, Monsieur Chamberlain, et Mon. Whittemore. They showed themselves to be true "Americana" in view of the fact that they contrasted their entertainment considerably. "Mais, oui, oui," they "trucked" and did the Virginny Reel!

At the League of Nations meeting on April 27th there was a duel of words in which Monsieur Harding ran a close second to Mlle. Oursler of London.

### Heidelberg

"The Student Prince" . . . Heidelberg University . . . world-famous Castle, Die Schlosse . . . rich in ancient lore . . . the River Nectar . . . celebrated Tun . . . "The Red Ox".

\* \* \*

We strolled down the spacious Gothic halls of that famous educational institution, Heidelberg. All the students were gathered there, all except those few who had permanently changed their residence to Hawaii. Among those bemoaned was their representative to the League of Nations' paper, **The Broadcaster**. At this time they are without one.

This fine institution, built in the sixteenth century, gave its full support to **The Broadcaster** and has beaten both Paris and Shanghai to getting this high distinction.



Cairo

Gigantic pyramids . . . the mysterious Sphinx . . . the river Nile . . . camel caravans . . . old mummies . . . third largest city in Africa . . . felukas . . . Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb . . . commercial city . . . capitol of Cairo . . . King Farouk.

\* \* \*

Latest reports from this interesting city read that the inhabitants are busy planning a large party for all citizens in June. We wish them much luck and plenty of fun.

You know of course that they have proven themselves loyal to the international magazine, **The Broadcaster**. They have all subscribed and have encouraged many others to follow their example. We need more like them.

### Bombay

Hindus . . . turbans . . . Taj Mahal . . . snakes and their charmers . . . ring shawls . . . bizarre bazaars . . . crystal gazers . . . seaport of India . . . population 979,000 . . . Maharajahs . . . elephants . . . Yogis.

\* \* \*

Mr. Handy, that world wide traveler had just presented Maharajah Frank with two of the American international awards. They were two banners reading, "THRIFT" and "ATTENDANCE". The people were having a general holiday and all were rejoicing.

Our representative noticed that Miss Carolyn Smith, the winner of the Bombay, London, and Hawaii spelling contest, was not present. On inquiring we found out that Miss Smith had changed her permanent residence to Hawaii. All India mourns her absence.

### Moscow

Capital of Russia . . . samovars . . . black bread and tea . . . Revolutions . . . Comrade . . . ikons . . . Russian cathedrals . . . Peter the Great . . . Catherine of Russia . . . Stalin . . . ice in Siberia . . . the Kremlin.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Abbotsky, leader of Russia at the present time, has been quite busy. She evidently has a sweet toothsky, for her country has had two candy salesky. In the first one they sold "Bigger and Better Bonbons" and made about three hundred kopecks (\$1.25). At a later date they made an alliance with Tokio and Cairo and took in about nine rubles (\$7.50). That's pretty good goingsky!

### Shanghai

Jin-rickshaws . . . Whang-Poo River . . . junks . . . Coolie workers . . . rice fields . . . ginko trees . . . Buddha and his followers . . . temples . . . Confucius . . . sampans . . . water buffalo . . . rock gardens . . . squalor and learning.

\* \* \*

That marvelous man, Mr. Handy, who is president of America and whose resi-







dence is in New York, went to Shanghai. He had a very special mission. He was entrusted with the award which the United States was presenting to China. Miss Manley, President of Shanghai, was to receive a large banner bearing the words "Citizenship". This was for the great valor they had shown in fighting the Japanese.

"I wish to congratulate you and your country," said Mr. Handy. "You surely deserve this award."

### Tokio

Fuji-yama . . . kimonos, obis, and clogs . . . The Mikado . . . Madame Butterfly . . . lanterns . . . pagodas . . . Bronze Buddhas . . . Diabutsu . . . rice fields . . . mountains . . . sedan chairs . . . slant-eyed yellow faces.

\* \* \*

In a small, paper-walled room of state in Emperor Peterson's apartments were gathered the Emperor, his cabinet, and the American representative of New York, a Mr. E. Handy. Mr. Handy rose, took two banners which he held in his hands and solemnly presented them to Emperor Peterson. One was green and white and the other gold and yellow.

"Upon this occasion I wish to remind you of my country's friendship. I also want to congratulate you on winning our international Thrift and Attendance Banners. Our country holds you in high esteem for capturing this banner from Bombay and Hawaii."

### Hawaii

Moonlight . . . surf boards . . . romance . . . Waikiki Beach . . . Honolulu . . . palm trees . . . pineapples . . . sugar cane—"Aloha Oe"—Paradise of the Pacific . . . no snakes . . . no malaria.

\* \* \*

Amid sugar cane fields and cocoanut groves roared our car. Past Waikiki Beach with its bronzed surf boarders we whizzed. We were out for a good time. As we neared Honolulu we heard the crowds shouting "Mamo, Kahili!"\* On the bulletin boards were written the words "Club Americana Awarded Thrift Banner". The president of Hawaii, Marguerite Lumbert, was making a speech, attended by her cabinet, Jean Wagner, vice president; John DeRose, secretary, and Frank Souza, treasurer.

We drove on and approached a small shop with a leaf roof. In the front window were several attractive blotters. On them were the names of the president and her cabinet and the flower and bird of Hawaii engraved in green and white.

As we sailed away that night amid "Alohas" and "leis" I thought how profitable that visit to the land of romance was.

\* "Long Live, Kahili"

Jean Wagner, '39.





### ATHLETIC ALTITUDES

The Jayvees are once again showing that they have a lot on the ball, this time on the diamond. The team has played four games, and came out on top four times. They walloped Bourne twice, plastered the Hall School team once and lastly they managed to eke out a 8-6 victory over the Tisbury team in a heavy downpour.

The Sophomores on the team are doing quite all right; Bud Davis at third with his extra strong throwing arm; Collins at short, and Wright at first. Davis and Wright are both hitting well over .300 and Collins, I think, just falls a little short of that mark. In the outfield are three Sophs, Alberts in right, Charlie Turner in center, and Breivogel in left.

All through the year the Jayvees have shown that they have the ability and it remains to be seen if they go on and give "Gov" one or two more championship teams before they are given their honorable release via the "sheepskin" route.

## Alumni Notes

### GOLF

The members of the golf team, despite a mediocre season, should be given a bushel basket of credit all the same. They kept on plugging along, not giving a thought of what people were saying about their winless season.

The Sophs who play are Harold "Porky" Baker, No. 4 man, and four alternate No. 6 men, Lewis, Alberts, Dunham and Davis. They helped the other three men, Perry No. 1, Upton No. 2, and Cassidy No. 5, but they just couldn't squeeze out a win against such strong teams as Brockton, Dartmouth's championship team, and Barnstable's strong squad. It is said that next year's team will be more successful as the above mentioned teams are losing a number of good men by graduation.

### L. H. S. SOCIALITES

Spring has come and with it comes the annual jump in the value of Dan Cupid's stocks and blondes—er, I mean bonds. Yes, sir, these hallowed halls have pulled out of the amorous recession that had such a hold here during the racoon coat season, and once again that dimpled Danny Boy is working on an all day, all night, mostly night, shift.

\* \* \*

A day never fleets by that we don't run into some little statement that that Shakespeare fellow made back in the middle fifteen hundreds and the remarkable part of it is that all his little gems of philosophy always hold water. Take for instance his immortal "Love is blind." Why, just the other day we noticed that "Fattish" trumpeter from the Heights and his flirting

(?) fiancée from Waquoit both wearing the transparent fruit of the optician. For you two infatuated infants, he no doubt prescribed extra strong lenses.

\* \* \*

The romance of "dat divot digging duo from dis dome—domesticating" dwelling on East Main street seems to be still doing dashed dandy. Perhaps "Porky", the policeman's "puer", plasters the pock-marked pellet plus proficient when putting with the pretty petit "puella" from Coonamessett. Regardless of their amorous affections for one another, they are both pretty good golfers. (Do you still let her beat you, or didn't you ever stoop that far in your whirlwind courtship of the queen of Hatchville?)

\* \* \*

The stocky second squad centerfielder is spending the sum of his spare seconds speeding to Woods Hole in search of his **harem**.

\* \* \*

A rather lucky young man from West Falmouth has also been seen fleeing to the Hole in his 1934 Chevrolet roadster, red wheels etc. His quest; a pretty, tame, "wild" lassie from that biological bar of beach perched on Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound.

\* \* \*

#### Note

On the whole Dan Cupid's business is good, but no doubt the coming prom June 10th will give it a little "**pump-priming**".

Stanley Burgess, L. H. S. '40.

#### WHAT'S STOMATA?

While the science class was discussing earnestly "stomata", John Bot— was taking a nap. Suddenly Mr. Mont— asked: "John, what's 'stomata'?"

John, quickly waking up answered: "Nothing's **the matter** with me."

#### THROUGH THE BINOCULARS AT THE NINTH GRADE PROM

An old-fashioned bouquet in the hand of our School Notes Editor, while dancing, provoked this comment from her long-suffering partner. "For Heaven's sake, get rid of the shrubbery!" Apparently Bob has hay fever.

Two certain Ninth Graders formed a surprise two-some and walked around hand in hand all the evening. Snoopie wonders what **his** Eighth Grade girlfriend would say?

The recent importation from New Bedford was seen paying constant court to the diminutive damsel from Room Seven. It didn't take you long, did it, Lionel?

Oh yes! That newspaper reporter (you know the one) was in attendance, too; just to see that he got the correct details for his paper, of course! (He's a regular fella, though, and Snoopie, on behalf of the committee wants to thank him for his help, both afternoon and evening.)

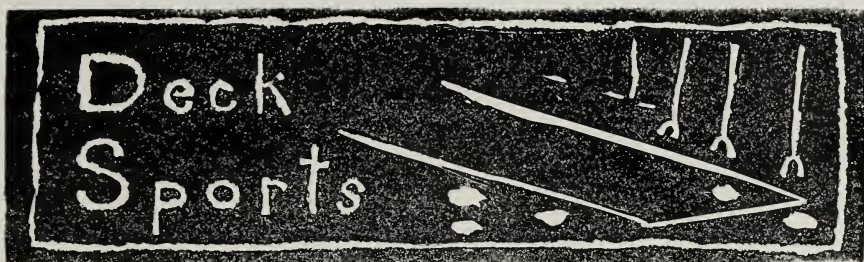
The fact that one table was adorned with sixteen punch cups, surprised us not in the least, when we learned that "Twinkle-Toes" Mixer had recently partaken of his refreshments at the above-mentioned table.

The "Dark Horse" of the evening turned out to be a certain tough-guy from Room Seven. Joe did some mean stepping that night and quite astounded your faithful bloodhound.

We wonder if the song "Lovelight in the Starlight" sung by "Lily Pons" Schroeder was aimed entirely at her "Youngish" escort, or did her eyes stray to the next table?

All the other **he likes her's** and **she likes him's** being old news, your faithful scribe bids you a fond adieu and best wishes for "Bigger and Better Proms."





### THROUGH THE SPY GLASS

It looks like the class of '38 and '39 holds quite a surprise in store for Mr. Fuller for the remaining years to come . . . Frank Marks ought to look plenty good at tackle . . . Cassick should make the backfield pile up points . . . "Mickey" Frye, that one-man basketball ringer from Mashpee, is still going strong . . . When it comes to pitching, Harold Marks "kills" them all . . . when Pena hits that pill, make up your mind to "stay out in the daisies" for a good ten minutes. All together this proves that the '38ers certainly have a good batch of future stars on the run.

### THE BADMINTON RACKET

The robins weren't the only harbingers of spring this year. The "birdies" were singing in the annual Hall School Badminton Tournament long before the robins put in their appearance.

In the semi-finals Cassick '38 defeated Paltz '40, while Whittemore '38 downed Mixer '38. The first game of the finals, which went to Whittemore, was close and hard fought. In the second game Cassick staged a comeback and showed exceedingly fine form, piling up an 8-0 lead, but his opponent, Whittemore, came through to cop the best two out of three games for the championship of the Hall School. The final score was 15-8.

David Whittemore, '38

### INSIDE TIPS

The proposed L. H. S. hockey team wouldn't suffer with the help of Muriel Gediman . . . Patty Berg . . . Norma Peterson . . . Mary McAdams . . . to

help them send the ball spinning through the goal posts.

Although there wasn't much enthusiasm in the Ninth Grade over basketball, Amelia Peters . . . Jean Hall . . . Norma Peterson . . . Gertrude Atkinson . . . are all good bets for the High School Basketball Team.

Marguerite Lumbert . . . Marion Mohr . . . Betty Sample . . . Norma Cornelius . . . Helen Kariotis . . . Beverly Berg . . . Jean Wagner . . . Madeline Hathaway . . . Dorothy Atkinson . . . will help to make a winning team out of the Hall School basketeers.

### GIRLS STAGE INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The Intra-mural Basketball Tournament aroused much enthusiasm and interest among the Seventh and Eighth Grade girls, although it failed to get the same results from the Ninth Grade hoopsters.

Room Six captained by Edith Erwin, and Room Nine, with Marguerite Lumbert, came through with flying colors in the Seventh and Eighth Grades respectively.

The line-ups for the winning teams and their opponents are:

#### Seventh Grade:

Room Six, Erwin, Holden, Kariotis, McAdams, Cornelius, Ilgen.

Room Four, Berg, Figuerido, Fish, Bowman, Barrows, Warren.

Room Eight, Tollio, Santos, Thayer, Studley, Troop, Peters.

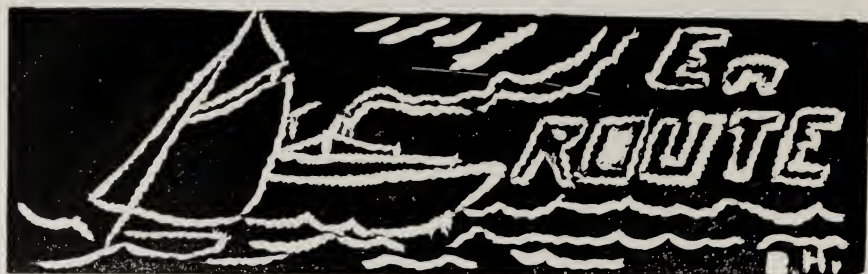
#### Eighth Grade:

Room One, Oursler, Lopes, Mohr, Moniz, Dickson.

Room Five, Burke, Norris, Atkinson, Hathaway, Densmore, Cavanaugh.

Room Nine, Wagner, Tollio, Robertson, I. Wright, H. Wright, Lumbert.

Virginia Rowe, '38



## EXCHANGE COLUMN

### HATS OFF TO US

**Within Red Deers**—Topsfield, Mass.:  
**The Broadcaster**, Henry W. Hall  
 School, Falmouth, Mass.

"We congratulate you on the wonderful work on your school paper. We liked your dedication to M. S. P. C. A., your editorial pages, your sport pages, and "The Reader's Indigestion".

\* \* \*

**The Phillipian**—Wellesley Hills,  
 port, Pennsylvania:

**The Broadcaster**, Henry W. Hall  
 School, Falmouth, Mass. The section  
 "Your Correspondents" is original and  
 worked out in an entertaining way.  
 "Snoogie the Sniffer" also provides a  
 great deal of fun.

### HATS OFF TO YOU

**The Curtin Junior Citizen**—Williams-  
 port, Pennsylvania.

#### Friends

Friends are the finest things to be  
 had

If they are with you, through thick  
 and thin,

If they look at your good points,  
 not at your bad,

They are the people who help you  
 win.

Friends are the ones who love you  
 the most,

They are the people who help you  
 out

No matter the opinion of the host,  
 They are for you without a doubt.

\* \* \*

**Junior High News**—Owensboro, Ken-  
 tucky:

#### Sight for the Blind

There are more than 100,000 blind  
 Americans, and four-fifths of them  
 cannot read—that is, cannot read  
 Braille. For them the world is a dark  
 place. If they are lucky, they have  
 contact with the outside world by hav-  
 ing friends or relatives read to them.

Otherwise they just sit, and people  
 feel sorry for them.

The Federal Government is making  
 an effort to give instruction in Braille.  
 The invention of Braille, which is a  
 system of printing in which the char-  
 acters are expressed by raised points  
 or dots and can be read by touch, has  
 lessened the handicaps of the blind.

\* \* \*

**The Naturalist**—Los Angeles, Cali-  
 fornia:

#### True Confession

I guess it just runs in the family.  
 You see it went this way—

"Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June, and my pa."

It happened when a street car  
 backed up and hitched itself onto the  
 rear-end of my dad's car; at least,  
 that's his story.

\* \* \*

**Contact**—Cleveland, Ohio:

#### Little Things

The world has placed such a prem-  
 ium on glorious achievements that  
 many of us have come to count only  
 the big things that bring us praise and  
 honor and forget that in doing so  
 perhaps we neglect and push away the  
 little things that really count for so  
 much in this business of living.

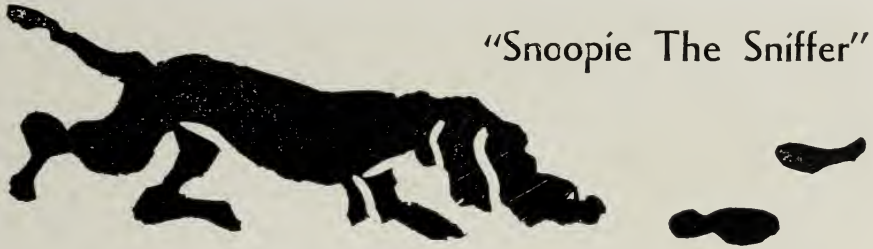
Do we ever take time to consider  
 the little courtesies which are shown  
 to us, or the many expressions of re-  
 spect and love that come from just one  
 dear friend? Do we play our part by  
 bestowing little kindnesses upon oth-  
 ers? We do not often realize how much  
 a cheerful smile can lift a troubled  
 spirit, or how much a comforting word  
 can console a lonely heart. . .

Gertrude Atkinson, '38,  
 Exchange Editor.

#### Spaghetti!

Mr. B. — in Civics: "What are  
 'foreign entanglements'?"

E. H. — "Spaghetti."



## "Snoopic The Sniffer"

"Snoopic", says I to myself, says I, "the year is drawing to a close and your work is 'most over. No longer will it be necessary to be a second Houdini in order to satisfy your gluttonous readers. Love may come, love may go, but you, dear Snoopic, will know naught of it. No longer will you awaken with your fingers crossed and your knees shaking for fear that though last night, Jill loved Jack, today Jill loves Jim and Jack loves Jane. But, Snoopic, in spite of everything, you know you've enjoyed it, for it is only human nature to enjoy knowing what your next door neighbor is doing. Nevertheless, while you sit here dreaming, love goes on! ! ! And you, dear Snoopic, must so inform your public."

\* \* \*

It is with deep regret that we take our precious orchids from those two Seventh graders and present them to our "femme" Sports Editor. We feel that after two long faithful years of Alibi Ike, she certainly deserves 'em.

\* \* \*

That young reporter from Moscow certainly believes in cooperation. Just so your faithful scribe will be able to fill up his column, she obligingly changes heart-throbs just before each issue is published. Right now it's the head Minister of Finance from the dashing metropolis of Cairo.

\* \* \*

The **Mehr** we think of it, the **Mohr** we wonder whose gold football a certain young Eighth Grader is proudly draping around her neck?

\* \* \*

Despite the fact that the tall rangy gent, formerly of Berlin, who is now

adorning a seat in Hawaii, says that the reason for the change is merely that the view is better, this column thinks differently. What about it, "Gete"?

\* \* \*

Times certainly have changed! Snoopic wonders what would happen if the following were posted in the Henry W. Hall School **today!**

The following rules were in force at Mt. Holyoke College in 1837:

"No young lady shall become a member of Mt. Holyoke Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table and at least two thirds of the shorter catechism.

"Every member of the school shall walk a mile a day unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevent.

"No young lady shall devote more than an hour a day to miscellaneous reading.

"No young lady is expected to have gentlemen acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies."

\* \* \*

That fascinating gent from "gay Paree" has quite a host of admirers in the freshman class to-be. Our record shows that there are four in all with "Dynamite" Brown leading the list. It's the haircut that gets 'em, Buzzy.

\* \* \*

The "pocket-edition" sized Romeo from Tokio should be consoled with the old saying, "True love never runs smooth." After numerous interruptions he and his fair-one are again billing and cooing.



Our Business Manager now gazes at the calendar with a leaden heart. "Four more weeks," thinks he, "and then no more will I gaze upon her beloved pigtailed." Oh well, Dick, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and you'll be reunited the year after next.

\* \* \*

Summer has come!!! A certain bicycle has been seen adorning the steps of the residence of that "femme of femmes" from Bombay. (The lad toots a mean trumpet in the Senior Orchestra. And we don't mean Turner).

\* \* \*

Another romance that has survived the perils of winter and spring, is the Stevenson-Thayer affair. Sorry we are running out of orchids, but 'tis spring and fortunately dandelions are plentiful.

\* \* \*

That "Bergy" belle, who also hails from Cairo, is in quite a dither. One day 'tis "Juny" and the next 'tis "Nicky" (the second). Why not toss up a coin, Bev?

\* \* \*

The titian-haired maiden from Room Seven has a particular fondness for the lines, "One if by land, two if by sea." After a great deal of snooping we discovered that Paul Revere was not the attraction. These are merely the signals that the blonde "Nobsconion" uses to inform her of his manner of approach. It may be a little annoying to the ships at sea, but it serves their purpose very well.

\* \* \*

Gossip columnists (such as your own dear Snoopie) are the spies of life.

\* \* \*

This Wagner-Breivogel twosome is becoming a serious rival to the famed record-breaking Davis-Collins affair.

\* \* \*

We've noticed that although the "Bill Cunningham" of *The Broadcaster* has become quite a Fred Astaire, he still

pays frequent visits to the home of a certain blonde from Room One. What's the excuse this time, Dave?

\* \* \*

We don't profess to be a second Ripley, but we have here an item that would astound even this veritable gentleman. The confirmed woman-hater and famed bachelor from Room Seven has suddenly blossomed forth into the gayest of social butterflies. So far he has one love affair to his credit, with a second one on the way. Will wonders never cease!

\* \* \*

Another Social Butterfly, just recently discovered, is the Vice President of Room Two. He too has reverted to the Eighth grade for the light of his life. Hey, you Ninth Grade gals — you're slipping!

\* \* \*

That ultra-meek countenance of our literary editor is apt to mislead one. Never fear, tho! "Butch", bloodhound No. 63½, tells us that it's a certain Eighth Grader who makes her heart do the Big Apple.

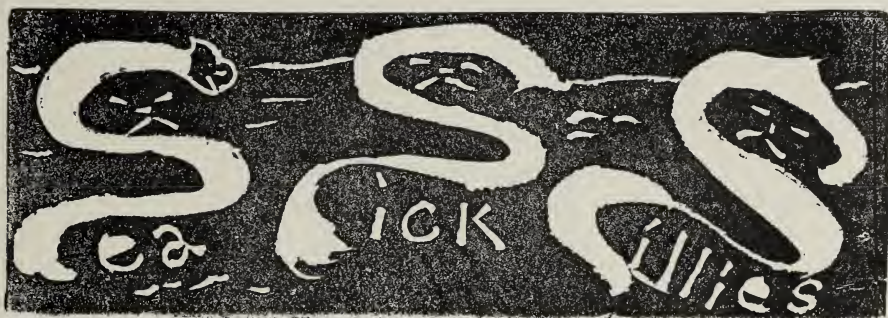
\* \* \*

The other half of the two "Inseparables" from Moscow is centering all her attention in Woods Hole.

\* \* \*

Snoopie has heard it said that "A bore is a fellow who opens his mouth and puts his feats into it".





Editor: Edward Handy  
Ass't Editor: Lyle Long  
Volume IIIIIII  
Edition IIIIIII

### Dedication

To the men who go out to sea in ships, to their dogs and other loyal sweethearts, to every Cape Codder who ever baited a hook and caught nothing, and to every man, woman, child, and Jonah who ever took a whiff of salt air, this page is dedicated.

If the big fish eat up the little ones, where do the sardines come from?

Said the codfish to the flounder,  
"How fat and flat you look."  
Said the flounder to the codfish,  
"I see you got the hook."

Said the haddock to the codfish,  
"How is business with the scup?"  
Said the codfish to the haddock,  
"Things with me are picking up."

All honest fish stories come from Cape Cod.

### Our Oysters -

LAST A LIFE TIME

THEY ARE GUARANTEED TO RETURN QUIETLY INTO THE SHELL AFTER EACH STEW.

### Farewell To The Ninth Graders

Ninth Grade, Farewell,  
Ding dong goes the bell.

Goodbye to the Ninth Grade,

No longer will you be Mr. Handy's aid.

Goodbye, Dick; goodbye Hank,

Say goodbye to Mr. Frank.  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,  
That is what you say with a sigh,  
Goodbye.

### Uncle Zeke



Uncle Zeke says, "When a schooner doesn't steer properly, there must be something or rudder the matter."

Zeke asks, "Are all fishermen liars, or do only liars fish?"

The human race are like fish; there are many sharks, many sardines, and many that are just plain lobsters.

### Old Salt Yarn

About three years ago I was fishing on the Gunnison River and had some pretty good luck. But one day I hooked a whale of a rainbow trout and after a fight got him ready for the net. As I stooped over to put on the finishing touches, a very fine gold watch slipped out of my pocket and disappeared immediately. I was so excited when the watch fell that I let the fish get away.

Next summer I went back to the same place and one day I got another big rainbow. When I landed him, I noticed a large swelling on one side of his head. Upon investigation I found my watch inside his jaw ticking away right good, and only about ten seconds off time.

The watch was a stem-winder and the movement of the fish's gills had wound it all year.

### Advertisements

Sure cure for Seasickness  
— Stay at home —

For Sale: Good boat, 12 feet long, V8 engine, guaranteed to purr along at 3 knots.

### Electric Eels

at

Shocking Prices

When fishing under a mackerel sky, it might be a good idea to use a lighting rod.

Hi Ho! Hi Ho!  
It's home from school we go,  
There goes the bell,  
We run pell mell,  
Hi Ho! Hi Ho! Hi Ho!

A man that is seasick is leaning on the rail. Up comes a steward.

Steward: "Need any help, sir?"

Passenger: "No, I can throw, myself."

Wasted Energy — Telling hair-raising stories to a bald-headed man.

"Lighthouse no good for flog," says the Chinese. "Lighthouse he shine, whistle he blow, flog bell he ting, and flog he come just the same. No good."



Fish Face

Found in a science test:  
"What is lava?"  
Dorothy At—'s answer:  
"Hot stuff."

There should be no head or tail to a good fish story.

No! Gentle reader, the dory is not used by the cook to carry the dough.

Not found in the dictionary:

Socialist — A man who has nothing and wants to divide it with you.

Tangerine — A loose-leaf orange.

Vacuum — Nothing shut up in a box.

Algebra — Letters and numbers playing football.

Heard in Geography class: Name two continents bordering Africa.

Answer: "Liberia and Egypt."

There was a young sailor from Gloucester,

Whose love for a maiden did foster,

But he sailed home one day And learned, right away, That during the trip, he had lost her.



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